N°. XIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1803.

POLITICS.

WE cannot but adopt the general opinion, that the paper inserted in the Hamburgh Correspondenten of the 30th of last month, by the interference and threats of the French minister, must be regarded as a manifesto of the First Consul, against the crown and government of these united kingdoms; and whether we consider the mode of its production, or the character of its composition, we do not hesitate to pronounce it an astonishing example of insolence, folly, and falsehood. The act of employing hostile menace to compel the press of a foreign and independent state to publish and circulate audacious libels against a power at peace with it, and whose friendship it must be its first wish to preserve, is sinning in such an extreme degree against those principles which have so long governed the civilized part of the world, that it becomes the duty as well as the interest of every power in it, to unite against such a daring and dangerous invasion of the rights of nations.

When we read in this manifesto, that "from the sudden appearance of the King's message to Parliament, people doubted whether it was the effect of treachery, of insanity, or of weakness;" we acknowledge, that our astonishment at the extreme folly of his mind who dictated the accusation, blends with the contempt and derision that predominates in our own.

A great character may be hurried away by passion, or blinded by resentment: his reason may suffer a temporary perversion; but there will be dignity, not only in his errors, but in his follies; he is incapable of employing low, base, vulgar means, to attain his objects, or gratify his emotions; he may be unjust, but he will never have recourse to anonymous calumny. By employing the columns of a public, and particularly of a foreign print, to announce its displeasure against a nation whom it dreads, the French government has sunk into such a state of degradation, that the fertile imagination of the First Consul cannot improve upon it. The *Moniteur*, with all its habitual servility must feel an equal degree of envy and surprise, that a newspaper of a German town should be actually forced, by the most extraordinary and unexampled means, into a state of requisition, to calumniate the English government, while its own scribes

are daily languishing, and have given such repeated proofs of their accomplishments, for that honourable office.

When the same paper states, "that after the peace the French government directed its intentions solely to the re-establishment of its colonies," we know not how to describe the folly, as well as audacity of affronting Europe with such a falsehood. When the French government so arbitrarily interfered in the new arrangement of Germany, was it with a view to benefit the colonies? When it bullied and intrigued for a Dutch loan, was it with the design to purchase stores, provisions, or necessaries for the colonies? When Sebastiani was sent into Egypt, was his mission appointed for the sake of the colonies? And was it with a view to colonial improvements, that Switzerland was subjugated, and its inhabitants deprived of their liberties? The First Consul may treat the rest of Europe with contempt; but it is this country which he fears. He never looks across the British Channel, but, in some way or other, he betrays his apprehensions; and though he may play upon the vanity, or address himself to the prejudices of the French people, we very much doubt whether his opinions and conduct respecting Great Britain, are approved by any classes of them, except the five hundred thousand armed

men, of whom he makes so proud a boast, and by whose sword he maintains his power.

The denial of this printed emissary of the French government, "that there are any preparations in the ports of France and Holland of such a magnitude as to be a ground of alarm to England," forms a very heavy accusation against those who direct the councils of this country. We cannot, however, be persuaded, for a moment, that ministers would have alarmed the nation, without full and sufficient reasons. It is highly improbable that they should have advised the King to declare what they are unable to prove. It would, indeed, be treating them with great injustice, to be influenced in our opinions by such a lying record. On the contrary, we, who approve their silence at the present moment, have not the least doubt, when they come to explain their conduct, that they will appear to have supported the honour, and maintained the interests of the British empire.

ON THE SITUATION OF THE *FRENCH FINANCES.*

The French minister of Finances (Gaudin), the minister of the national treasury (Barbé-

Marbois), and the counsellor of state (Crétet), have of late presented to the government, the legislative body, and the nation at large, voluminous reports on the subject of the French finances, which form sixty-four pages in folio, close letter-press, as an appendix to the Moniteur. This publication seems to have for its object, to strike foreign nations, and this country in particular, with amazement and terror at the flourishing state of the finances of the republic. We have taken no small pains in examining those numerous, perplexed, and confused accounts; and the following statement we believe to be a correct extract, and the substance of their budget for this year.

The receipts and expences of the year 10 (1802) were estimated at 500 millions; or, at 25 livres per pound, 20 millions of our currency: it seems that these sums have been balanced pretty nearly; but we do not see, in the statement of the receipts of that year, the item called *recette extérieure*, viz. the contributions laid upon the foreign countries; though that article is stated in the receipts of the year 9 at 22 millions of livres (880,000l. sterling), and for the year 11, at 20 millions (800,000l. sterling.) The receipts of the year 11 are estimated at 589

millions and a half, and the expences at the same sum.

The prncipal articles of expence are the dividendsof the national debt, and the annuities, which amount to 64 millions (2,560,000l. sterling), which said dividends are only the third part of what they amounted to before the revolution; the expences of the war department amounting to 243 millions (9,720,000l.) those of the navy, 126 millions (5,040,000l. sterling); and those of the several departments, amongst which we observe the pensions to be 20 millions (or 800,000l. sterling), the discounts of anticipations, 9 millions (or 360,000l. sterling) and a *fond de réserve* of 8 millions (or 320,000l. sterling.)

The sums necessary for balancing that expenditure, are to be found, according to the opposite estimate, in the produce of the several contributions to be levied upon the people, excepting 20 millions, for the abovementioned *recette extérieure.*

As no particulars are given of the several foreign contributions, forming that *recette extérieure*, it may be fairly presumed to be the double or the treble; there being no possibility of ascertaining the quota of each vassal government, so well squeezed by their good friend and ally, *la République, protectrice du*

monde. We cannot dismiss this subject, without recalling to the attention of our readers a fact which we know to have taken place last year. Barbé-Marbois, the minister of the treasury, was to receive, in virtue of the stipulation of a treaty, a considerable instalment from the Portuguese government. He had taken his measures in consequence; but applying one day to the Portuguese minister, he was not a little surprised, when a receipt of the said instalment, signed by the First Consul himself, was presented to him. This may account for no *extérieure recette* being to be found in the accounts of the year 10.

As there are certain articles of expenditure, which the reader is no doubt eager to know—we mean the expences of the new government, we looked to them with a particular degree of curiosity; but we could not find them in the estimates of the year 11, being comprehended with many others in a general article; but the accounts of the years 9 and 10 being made up, we discovered that in the year 9 the said charges were extremely moderate, the expences of the Consuls amounting only to 1,377,000 livres or (55,000l. sterling, and the tribunate, legislative body, and council of state, only to 1,030,000 livres, or 41,000l. sterling—a very cheap government, indeed! so cheap as might induce us to sup-

pose this to be a mis-statement. But in the year 10 (1802) the year when St. Cloud was fitted up with so much magnificence, we read in the accounts that the salary and secret expences of the Consuls amounted to 5,327, 00 livres (or 213,000l. sterling.) The senate, which was not mentioned in the year 9, is brought into account, for a sum not less than 1,686,000 livres. The wages of those most noble independent peers of the French realm being now paid out of the treasury, the counsellors of state, tribunals, and legislators, have cost in that year 5 millions and a half: the whole amounting to more than 12 millions (or 480,000l. sterling.)

The modest expence of the Consul might, however, create some astonishment, had we not seen in a corner of the third supplement to No. 174, that there were 10 millions of *unforeseen expences*, upon which the Ministers of the finances, and the Minister of foreign relations, had a credit, independent of the sum fixed by the estimates for the service of their department.—This may account for it.

In the year 10, there was a credit of 300 millions of anticipations (something like our Exchequer bills) granted to the treasury, in order to provide for the exigencies of the treasury, and supply any deficiency or delay

in the produce of the contributions. In the year 11, a similar credit (but of 400 millions instead 300) has been opened on the contributions of the year 1804 in favour of the treasury. This proves clearly that there is a deficiency of 100 millions, or a difference expected in the receipts for that sum. But as it was necessary to make the people swallow the pill, they have made a pompous boast, that such was the flourishing state of the finances, that it was possible to make an abatement of 10 millions, or of one shilling in the pound, of the land tax—that is to say, let me borrow 100 millions more than the preceding year, and I will allow you for your complaisance a bonus of 10 per cent. upon the contributions!

It is said, that for the service of this year the bankers of the government, the GOLDSMIDS of Paris, have agreed to discount the Exchequer bills of Buonaparte at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum.—How do they prove this to be the fact? they give a statement of the discounts paid during the year 10, at the rate of $1\frac{1}{4}$—$1\frac{2}{16}$—and 1 per cent. per month, for bills having from two to ten months to run.—This is what they call a flourishing state of national credit. (At the time of the battle of Marengo, the discount of bills of the same sort was at the rate of 5 per cent. per month.)

It is not in our power to state with precision the actual rate of the credit of government in France; but knowing from unquestionable authority, that the discount of anticipations in the best times of the monarchy, under M. Neckar himself, though fixed at 5 per cent. per ann. amounted nevertheless, with the commissions and accommodations, to 7 or 8 per cent. and often to 9: we doubt not but the discount will be as high in the year 11 as it was in the year 10.

This we give only as a sketch, leaving to Sir Francis D'Ivernois to explode and unravel the whole with his usual accuracy and discrimination.

P. S. Since writing the above, we have received and perused several reports of the Tribunes and Counsellors of State to the Legislative Body, in the progress of framing the budget into a law. The expences of the Consuls have been fixed at 50.000l. for the Second and Third Consuls; and the civil list of his majesty the First Consul is brought to the sum of 6 millions of livres (or 250,000l. sterling). When it is considered that the French ambassadors are paid out of another fund; that there are large sums allowed for the secret services of the Consuls, and the administrative expences of government; that the produce of the contributions of the gambling houses

(100,000l.) goes directly to the pockets of Monsieur and Madame Buonaparte, and that great part of the *recette exterieure* arrives to their shrine from abroad, it will be found that the amiable couple is much richer than our beloved and respected Sovereigns.—What a fine dream for the son of an Italian village attorney!

THE THEATRE.

Nothing is more absurd yet more common than indiscriminate commendation or abuse. I have frequently overheard two persons arguing in favour of the respective superiority of the Theatres Royal, neither of whom would allow the smallest degree of merit to the object of the other's veneration. Amidst the ardour of verbal altercation, some excuse may be found for warmth and prejudice; but what can be urged in favour of those whose writings issue from the press disfigured by prejudice and passion. A constant habit of attending the Theatres for many years, and a mind unbiassed by interest on either side, may perhaps justify my interesting myself in the contest.

Upon entering Drury-lane Theatre, the mind is forcibly impressed by the elegance

of the building. The taste displayed in the decorations, united to the loftiness of the building, gives an air of grandeur to the whole; while the medallions painted on the boxes agreeably recal the studies of our childhood; and, by alternately exercising the memory and fancy, afford a pleasing employment till the drawing up of the curtain. The attention is now probably called to the representation of one of those admirable comedies written at the beginning of the last century, when wit first began to escape from the shackles of licentiousness, and Thalia shed a glory around her unknown to succeeding times. But attention, ere long, begins to flag: a few parts are unexceptionably performed, but the rest in action, dress, and address, cast a shade upon the whole. Memory, that "fond tormentor" pictures the actors of other times, and the eye wanders round the house in search of more agreeable amusement. While the immense size of the building and the mist that usually hovers over the pit preclude distinct observation, and the spectator, though he may acknowledge the excellence of the piece, retires fatigued and disappointed.

Covent Garden Theatre on the contrary presents few charms at first sight, if we except the idea of comfort which the *tout ensemble* excites; for its decorations are gaudy

and void of taste; the curtain rises, and the spectator is presented with a modern comedy, in which all is unnatural, yet nothing new: but the parts are well adapted to the powers of the respective performers. A certain spirit and equality in the actors, and a commendable attention to the scenery and dresses, unite to gratify the audience. When the attention is withdrawn from the stage, the brilliant effect of the lights in the boxes, and the distinct manner in which the company can see and be seen, create a general satisfaction (in which I am convinced the actors find their account) and the spectator on retiring acknowledges the play to be "poor stuff;" but expresses his satisfaction at the pleasure of the evening.

From this hasty view of the merits of the two houses, it will be seen that the entertainment they afford is of the most opposite nature. At Covent garden we are not shocked by any obvious inequality of action; the company boasts great comic strength, and each actor seems to be in his proper place; which circumstances, aided by dexterity in shifting the scenes, and short intervals between the acts, compensate in the eyes of the multitude for the wretched comedies they perform. In short, at Covent Garden are represented bad plays well acted; at Drury-lane, good plays badly acted. It must be confessed that

there are performers at this latter theatre whose talents defy a l competition; but the illusion they produce is momentary.

> The eyes of men,
> After some well-grac'd Actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him who enters next,
> Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

Drury-lane now sustains a heavy loss in the absence of Kemble. It is to be hoped that such an arrangement may shortly take place between him and the proprietors as shall gratify public expectation.

A HAPPY REVIEW.

In my youth I was careleſs and gay,
Freely joining in pleaſure's career;
'Twas the ſpring-time of life—it was May,
And ne'er thought of the date of the year.

But to vice's allurements not prone,
Buſy love whiſper'd ſoft in my ear:—
"There's no comfort in living alone,—
"And pray look to the date of the year."

My fond heart gave aſſent, beating high,
And acknowledg'd the maid that was dear:
Ready Hymen ſoon faſten'd the tie—
Ever bleſt be the date of that year!

Many ſummers roll'd on full of joy;
Many winters that never were drear:
And oft times or a girl or a boy
Gave delight to the date of the year.

Bred in harmony, virtue and truth,
Happy faces around me appear;
And the grateful affections of youth
Prove a balm to the date of the year:

While old friends, full of ſenſe, taſte, and knowledge,
Sweeten life with attachment ſincere;
And the ſtories of ſchool and of college
Seem improv'd from the date of the year.

Thus I've liv'd, till my hair is grown grey,
And ſtill pleaſantly move in my ſphere;
For December is chearful as May,
And content marks the date of the year.

TO A LADY,

On meeting her after many years separation.

For thee, my Anna, once again,
I court a fickle Muses' aid;
For thee recal each chearful scene,
More chearful by remembrance made.

Oh, memory, delusive power,
Too oft a treach'rous bitter foe;
Yet soothing still the suff'ring hour,
" And soft'ning distant scenes of woe."

Back to my view recal the charm,
That erst in youth's reproachless day
With rapture could the bosom warm,
And guiltless hopes with bliss repay.

And as the mind shall trembling trace
The various pleasures fled and gone;
Far above others shall it place
Those which together we have known.

When days and months, and years roll'd on
In innocence and calm content;
Life's sorrowing moments yet unknown,
Or wrongs still oft'ner felt than meant;

The anxious hope for present gain,
The ceaseless toil for future wealth,
Ambition's plans, so weak and vain,
Or science dearly bought with health;

To us how useless all of these,
One only thought our minds employ'd,
While each the other strove to please,
And constant passion never cloy'd.

Beneath a parent's fostering care,
No clouded prospect dim'd the view,
Youth's eager footstep trod on air,
As pleasure beckon'd to pursue.

Years now roll on, and every year
In sorrow's lap fresh mis'ry throws,
Nurtures afresh the bitter tear
Which feeling on the wretch bestows.

A parent, friend, a form belov'd,
The ev'ry joy this world can give,
In sad succession far remov'd,
Alone in joint remembrance live.

O then thou blessing still confest,
Tho' disappointment mark thy flight,
Grant me a momentary rest,
And charm, tho' with a meteor light.

Shew to my mental sight again
That Anna deck'd with youthful grace;
Bid the fond vision charm my pain,
As fancy paints the warm embrace:

And when, subdued by age and care,
E'en fancy's spark extinguish'd lies,
Thou, Anna, wilt not scorn to share
The pang that marks my latest sighs.

G.

TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

As the *Arbiter Scriptorum*, you are, I presume, some very clever fellow appointed for that purpose—perhaps an Etonian; if so, it must remind you of our shewing up our exercises to the Assistant of the form we belonged to, whose fiat determined pleasure or pain: your situation seems precisely the same with the assistant; but unless you possess *nec non candoris minus*, with the *acer et acutus*, you will deter us young correspondents; and the only way we have to secure us a snug place in your literary vehicle is I believe, to make it your interest to oblige us.

Sir Robert Walpole said, (and perhaps said truly) 'that every man had his price,' meaning thereby, that make it his interest, and every man is your very humble servant. Now as you are acquainted no doubt with the vanity which, more or less, influences all degrees of people, you will naturally conclude that every correspondent wishes to see himself in print; particularly in a print such

as yours. When therefore a new correspondent offers himself, whose hand-writing is unknown to you, it is your interest to encourage him by a promise, that 'the favour of —— (whatever signature he may adopt) is received, and shall be *particularly* attended to as soon as possible.' This will not only gratify his vanity but insure his purchasing your paper till he reads his own happy effusion; of which I give the following anecdote in proof.

A young man of fashion, an acquaintance of mine, who has much of the *ludere cum calamo* about him, sent to you, soon after you broke loose, a specimen of his art in poetry, which you no sooner acknowledged than it was his constant daily inquiry of all his friends if they took in the PIC NIC; adding, that it was certainly the best written paper since the days of Addison and Steele; that all the literary people of fashion were engaged in furnishing materials for it; and that he himself was now and then a contributor to the entertainment; concluding with a reference to your acknowledgment of his last. These visits he continued for some weeks, eagerly perusing every paper that came out, till the enchanting moment arrived when his poetry appeared. He then began to double his encomiums and encouragement of the paper; and even car-

ried his enthusiasm so far, that whenever he found his friend hesitating about taking it in, offered to send it him, till he had actually expended I know not what, exclusively of taking in the paper regularly himself.

Thus you see, Sir, what a train of interrest is connected with your obliging young fashionable authors and correspondents. This no doubt you will infer is meant as a hint for favouring me with an insertion. But you may be assured that I shall be equally obliged by your continuing the paper for my amusement, whether what I may occasionally send you finds admission or not; being an old correspondent elsewhere, though a young one with you.

SEYMOUR.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

You must certainly be an old discontented batchelor, who never understood the real advantages to be derived from the society of females—or a vain, impertinent young coxcomb, who has not yet attained a proper knowledge of them. For unless you answer to one or other of these descriptions, I cannot account for the wretched abuse you suffered to be inserted in your last paper, against

women, in the form of some very indifferent Italian verses, which detail the old common-place resemblances to my sex, but with such a degree of inaccuracy, that the press itself seems to have been ashamed of the subject.

That women are changeable as the wind, that they are frail as glass, that they laugh whenever they can, and cry whenever they please, are such worn-out observations, that I am surprised you do not feel the imputation which must naturally follow the insertion of them. General reflections should be managed with great dexterity, or be accompanied with some striking originality of thought or expression to render them worthy of attention. Women, it is true, are no more exempt from observation or censure than the other sex. It is for their own advantage, as well as that of society, that they should be subject to it; and where their foibles are touched with a masterly hand, and under the influence of a benevolent spirit, every woman of understanding will be ready to approve the censure, and to enjoy the wit which may accompany it.—But I must confess, that I feel somewhat indignant, when the publications which profess to instruct the mind and improve the heart, are suffered to detail, in bad Italian, a vulgar abuse of that sex whom Milton, in good English, describes as Heaven's last best gift;

and that great poet may be supposed to have some knowledge of the subject, as he had been three times married!

In short, there is no excuse for you, unless you adopted a common-place attack on the female sex, in order to incite its advocates to come forward in a strain of original praise. For, after all, you must know, if you are qualified for your office, how much it is your interest to cultivate the good opinion and protection of the ladies; who, with all their follies and their foibles, are so often seen to predominate over the wisdom and the strength of mighty man.

BELINDA.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The other day I happened to dine with a party, where there was an old gentleman, who declared he had kept a journal of all his transactions since he had left the university. The next morning a whim took me to commence a diary of my own, which I continued for three days, when I grew heartily tired of being the historian of such minutiæ. If you think it will be any entertainment to your readers to publish my three days' history, I permit you to enable them to laugh with me

or at me, just as they please; for which ever they are inclined to do, is an affair of supreme indifference to

Your very humble servant,
HENRY DELACOUR.

Thursday—Rose at twelve—my head ached confoundedly—felt I had had too much of Lord Tastely's burgundy—stomach out of order—ate some preserved fruit, and a biscuit—my coffee excellent!—still qualmy—drank half a glass of crème de barbade.

Two o'Clock——A little better—imagined an epigram, while I was combing my hair—made La Place write it down—during the time he was so employed, I brushed my own combs—broke a tooth out of every one of them. *Mem.* To send for half a dozen more to-day.

Six—Dressed—went to Boodle's—dined with Sir George Period—was bored to death with his politics—he pressed me to go down to the House, to second a motion he intended to make—declined it—told Sir George I hated speaking—he was amazed—he paid me several compliments upon my oratorical abilities, and said -he country reckoned me a promising young man.—I replied, I was sorry for it; that I had no desire to shine as a declaimer, (Sir George's looks expressed his astonish-

ment) and added, that sooner than make another speech, I would accept the Chiltern Hundreds—Sir George was piqued, and left me.—I drank a glass of claret, and went to the play.

The play—A full house—the play sentimental—I hate sentiment—modern dramatic writers seem to be unanimously of opinion, that people of condition are stupid, void of sense, honour, integrity, and humanity; while every gentle virtue, rectitude, charity, and benevolence, adorn persons of low birth, and no education!!—but I suppose writers are *themselves vulgar fellows*, or are compelled to write to please the galleries; perhaps both. —*Mem.* The men of fashion of almost all authors, are more like dashing citizens than gentlemen.—Left the theatre—looked in at Mrs. Puntwell's—lost all I hazarded—supped tête-à-tête with my protegée—gave her a pearl necklace—Des Coryphées in uncommonly good humour, and full of equivoque—she is absolutely the prettiest little French blonde I ever saw.

Friday——Went out late—paid several morning visits—every body out—unusual good fortune!—had nearly overturned my my curricle at the corner of Albemarle-street —called at the charming Viſcounteſs's—she was not at home—vexatious!—left a card at

old General Minden's—always fight shy of him, for fear of going through a German campaign.—Did not know what to do with myself—drove down to the House—grew interested in the debate—rose and spoke myself, at considerable length—was cheered all the time, particularly by the country gentlemen —very vain of it—found it hot—quitted the House, and left the task of replying, to any body who chose to take the trouble of doing it.—Had a boiled fowl at home—dressed and went to Lady Quaver's concert—the music composed by Dilettanti—some of it good!! —accompanied, on the violin, Lady Helena Brilliant, in an Italian air—Lady Helena sung exquisitely—I was overwhelmed with compliments upon my execution—made my escape to another part of the room.—Lord Flutter offered me his four boroughs for ninety thousand pounds—I have more than that sum in the Bank—if I buy them, I shall have six boroughs.—Returned home—went to bed, and dreamed I was created a viscount.

Saturday—Rode in the Park—saw Lady Helena and the Hon. Mrs. Railer walking—got off my horse, and joined the party—Mrs. Railer made me laugh most liberally at most of my acquaintance—this I did with the better conscience, because I was sure that the next time any of them were in that lady's

company, they would have ample revenge, and laugh as heartily at me. Returned home —dressed—dined at Mrs. Throwster's—a capital dinner—Throwster deplorably long winded in describing his *spinning jennies*.—Matched my brown horse against an Arabian of Rupee's.—Went to the opera—found the stage crouded with people, whose faces I had never seen before—asked Des Coryphées if she knew who they were; she told me, a Swiss scene-shifter had informed her they were beaux-attornies, proctors, and stock-brokers—*immediately* returned to the pit.—The sentimental ladies perfect *nudes*—the prudes only half so—the more lively fair seemed to prefer the display of *determined contours* by drapery.—*Mem.* Never to marry a prude, or a sentimental woman—*Mem.* Lady Helena is neither the one nor the other. —Lady Helena with the charming Viscountess —instantly went to her ladyship's box—Lady Helena in delightful spirits.—*Mem.* She has a certain elegant playfulness of imagination, more agreeable than wit, and which fascinates all who hear her. She has vivacity without ill nature, and good humour without insipidity; her figure is gracefully pretty and light—there is more of sweetness and animation, than of beauty in her features—she has fine eyes, admirable teeth, and a head of hair

worthy the golden Venus herself.—*Mem.* I make these remarks every time I see her.

The Viscountess as gay as ever—she asked me to sup with her—went of course—Frank Airy of the party—the conversation animated and enchanting.—My coachman going to drive me to Des Coryphées'—pulled the check, and went home.

Not inclined to go to bed—looked in the fire for half an hour—tired of my ruminations, rang the bell, and retired to my chamber—went to bed—could not sleep—thought of my last night's dream of Lady Helena—slumbered without sleeping—my ideas floated—Des Coryphées' three thousand pounds—the boroughs—Lady Helena a viscountess.—Roused myself—summoned La Place—wrote a note in bed to my solicitor, desired him not to fail to breakfast with me in the morning—particularly ordered the note to be sent to him early—mused—Lord Flutter—ninety thousand pounds—Lady Helena—resolved to have the boroughs at all events—read Little's Poems, and fell asleep. E.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The present has justly been called the age of literary women, and it must rejoice every

liberal mind to find them released from the trammels of ignorance, and placed in the proud elevation to which, by their naturalendowments, they are entitled. As I most sincerely respect literary acquirements in a female, so do I deeply regret their abuse; and sorry am I that so many occasions exist of calling forth that regret. The abuse however, of any proper measure can never be urged as an argument against it, and I earnestly disclaim any intention of reflecting, in the slightest degree, on those of the fair sex who have received a scholastic education. It cannot however, be denied, that learning in the heads of many women is like wine—a very little is sufficient; and if that quantity be exceeded, it renders them guilty of athousand extravagances, which it is the object of the present paper to indicate and correct. The most varied and profound acquirements will not compensate the want of the more peculiar and appropriate attributes of the female character, though those amiable qualifications may doubtless receive an additional lustre from the embellishments of learning.

If a woman happen to be born a beauty, we all know how unnecessary, not to say unprecedented, it is to possess any other accomplishment. Clementine however, at an early age, gave indisputable indications that she would

never become a beauty; and her father, who was resolved she should be celebrated in some way or other, at length determined it should be by her literary acquirements. In pursuance of this determination, the necessary means of instruction were provided, and her progress was so rapid, that at the age of two and twenty, she knew a little of French, German, Latin, and Greek; was a tolerable proficient in poetry and Belles Lettres, and the more abstruse studies of logic, metaphysics, and theology: in short, she knew every thing slightly, and nothing thoroughly.

Amid such a variety of employments, it is not to be expected that she could trouble herself with domestic arrangements, which would only interfere with more important studies; and it became therefore an invariable regulation, that her scientific and erudite researches should never be interrupted with any extraneous pursuits.—Even a poor old harpsichord, which she occasionally used to teaze, and which retaliated by uttering the most pitiable sounds, was laid aside, as being beneath the attention of a studious mind.

The consequences of these unusual acquisitions soon manifested themselves in an overweening conceit of her own abilities, and an undisguised contempt for those of her parents, whom she acknowledged to be very worthy

people, but whom she could never respect, as they were without ideas; mere animal machines, *fruges consumere nati*. This contempt extended to the whole of her own sex, who returned it with the most scrupulous fidelity. The male part of the creation was treated with very little more ceremony, as she accused the men of a mean envy, or tasteless indifference to female abilities, together with a most unpardonable deficiency in personal attentions to herself. In vindication, however, of the gallantry of my own sex, I must repeat the assertion, that she could not fairly be termed a beauty;—but it will be more candid to leave the reader to determine. Her height, taken as the crow flies (as we say in the country), was nearly four feet; but allowing for sinuosities and projections in her form, it might be about twice as much: one of her shoulders, like a modern republic, by rejecting all legal restraint, raised itself to an unnatural pre-eminence, whence it proudly surveyed its humble but more dutiful neighbour. Her eyes seemed to have an affection for each other, and in order to make love without interruption, frequently made assignations beneath the bridge of her nose, where they were sometimes totally eclipsed, and whence they never wholly emerged. No one was better calculated than herself to form a

correct opinion of the importance of Dr. Jenner's discovery, as the small-pox had distributed its favors over her face with unexampled profusion and distinctness. It may, perhaps, appear invidious to mention a trifling inequality in the length of her legs, as it was completely supplied by a high heel, which proclaimed her approach afar off, by its agreeable stumping.

These were the attractions to which the men, to her no small mortification and surprise, were blind. She thought it therefore most prudent to profess an aversion for what she could never hope to obtain, and accordingly declared her utter contempt for flattery and marriage. Her time was now exclusively devoted to literary occupations; to the exclusion indeed of cleanliness, propriety, and good manners. She had long been a dabbler in theology, and a blind confidence in her own abilities soon entangled her in the doubts and darkness of scepticism, which a more intimate knowledge of the subject would have dispelled: and thus, through the usual progress of ignorance, arrogance, and misconception, she became a free-thinker. Scepticism in her, however, it must be allowed, will admit of some apology; for, if she contemplated her own form and features, it would require a strong faith not to believe that they were the work of chance.

The world had received with great coolness, not to say total indifference, several of her compoſitions; and finding her own offspring thus unworthy of her attention, ſhe humanely adopted several fatherless essays and poems; that were wandering about the world, and treated them in every reſpect as her own. She has sometimes carried this amiable philanthropy so far, as to refuse surrendering these adopted children when claimed by their real parents, aſſerting that she was the author of their exiſtence. She aſſumes in consequence all the privileges and peculiarities of an author, and has frequent fits of literary abſtraction; in one of which she went to a public rout in her night-cap and bed-gown; and I once saw her take several spoonfuls of snuff out of her snuff-box, put them into the tea-pot, make the tea, and drink it with the utmoſt composure. When she meets with any interesting passage, she cannot resist the temptation of acting it; and a sentiment lately occurred in her reading, which muſt have excited her feelings in a very sensible manner, for she threw her arms about with such vehemence, that she broke the knuckles of one hand against the fire-place, and severely burnt the other in the candle.

But it is impossible to enumerate all the ludicrous and fluctuating absurdities which her daily conduct evinces. Suffice it to say, that

she is exposed to universal ridicule, and that her parents bitterly lament having lavished so much time and expence on the cultivation of an ungrateful daughter, who repays them with supercilious contumacy. From an unchecked presumption of her own mental superiority, and from her being deprived of the sweet consolations of society and friendship, her parents have the additional mortification of beholding in that daughter, whom they expected to see an object of universal admiration, a despised, ridiculed, solitary, and unhappy being. H.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENT,

"A WELL WISHER."

We are not averse from receiving advice, when it is meant in friendship, and proffered with delicacy, as in the present case; though we shall not employ much time in replying, as we trust satisfactorily, to the contents of his paper.

The Well Wisher says, we do not attack the great *leading vices and follies of the age.* With submission, we would ask him, in what these vices and follies consist more than they have done for the last twenty years? We are more foolish, perhaps, but certainly not more wicked than our predeceſſors. We are inclined to think there is as much virtue,

both in private and public life, at this moment in London, as was ever known to exist in it at any period. Not so, we confess, with regard to the follies of life—they have made surprising shoots of late, and, if not vigorously repelled, will interrupt the growth of every useful as well as ornamental production of nature.

To have been the humble instrument of conveying shame or instruction to the offending mind, either through the medium of satire or of sober rebuke, affords us inexpressible pleasure; and hitherto we think our efforts have been directed, and not ineffectually, to that end. With respect to our not possessing the essential and distinguishing qualities of the Anti-Jacobin, we make answer, that when that work was undertaken, a most fearful *propensity* existed in all ranks of society, and a decided attack was made by a powerful crew, not only on the religion, but on the taste and the morals of the community: monarchy was to be thrown into disrepute, and the Government was openly assailed: though the country was engaged in a most distresing and novel warfare, opinion more than arms was to be combated; and, fortunately for England, a few highly-gifted individuals devoted their time and superior talents to effect the destruction of a monster,

that threatened to overthrow all social and political order. They achieved their purpose; they,

> With giant arm remov'd the folds of night,
> And dragg'd the hideous Jacobin to light.

With the united arms of reason, of satire, and of wit, these bold and unconquerable champions exposed the intentions, and detected the falsehoods of the conspirators against our national prosperity; and having performed this important duty, they unbuckled their armour, and returned to the tranquillity of their domestic occupations, with the reflection, the most grateful to the noble mind, of having contributed to serve mankind.

Should events unhappily again occur to call forth their unrivalled talents into action, we have no doubt but they will again engage in the service of their country. Though our exertions have not equalled theirs, they cannot be said to have been of an useless nature.

We have indeed directed our attentions to different objects—to catch the manners living as they rise—to check the flight of folly—to chasten general manners—to instruct the understanding—and to amend the heart.—

> Be this our honour, and be this our fame!

G.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A considerable alteration is about to take place in the Title, Character, and Management of this Paper; and our readers have now before them the last of the PIC NICS, that sprightly progeny, which have, we trust, contributed to the amusement, if not to the instruction, of the Public. This we are induced to hope, from the very flattering reception they have experienced, notwithstanding that, together with the name of the Society that gave birth to them, they inherited a portion of the odium which party and prejudice have industriously laboured to fix upon it.

That name, in general as little understood as it has been abundantly abused and ridiculed, would however ill agree with the graver tone and manner which the awful complexion of public affairs now obliges us to assume.

The plan of our present work was laid amidst scenes of gaiety and amusement, and founded upon hopes of political tranquillity; it was adapted to "the piping times of peace," and calculated to afford that recreation which the public mind, harassed and exhausted by ten long years of war and politics, seemed likely to seek in the more engaging paths of poetry and literature.

But the clouds which have been for some time gathering about the political horizon, and which have now accumulated so as to threaten Europe with a storm more desolating than she has yet experienced, have driven us from our purpose, and warned us of a more serious application of the talents at our command. When Britannia calls for support upon the valour and loyalty of her sons, we must not be the last to rally round her ensigns. We are prepared to render our services, not in the field, but in the CABINET, and our several abilities shall there be exerted to the utmost, to assert her honour, to vindicate her conduct, and to expose the folly and malignity of her enemies.

THE CABINET will therefore succeed to the PIC NIC on Saturday next; from which time it will be published weekly, at HATCHARD's, opposite *Albany Buildings (late York House), Piccadilly;* and may be procured from all the newsmen in town and country. It will be forwarded regularly to our present Subscribers, unless orders shall be received to the contrary.

Although the Editors of the CABINET will not be altogether the same as those of the present paper, yet we can assure our readers, that the gentlemen whose elegant productions have secured to us their va-

luable patronage, will exert themselves no less in the literary department of the CABINET; while, on the other hand, we have formed such connections, as will enable us to gratify our political readers with the best and earliest information on the subjects most interesting to them.

FINIS.

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